His Vassal

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His Vassal

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Orfevre smells the scent of another uma on you and responds accordingly

Notes

Yeah

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The air in the pre-race dressing room was heavy—opulent in a way that pressed against your skin, as if the walls themselves had been upholstered in their own layers of velvet. The weight of it wasn't just visual, though the gold-trimmed panels, marble flooring, and curtained windows played their part. It was in the scent—expensive leather mingling with the sharp sweetness of imported perfume. You'd learned long ago that he would expect nothing less for a King's quarters, and you'd fought hard enough to avoid giving him any reason to doubt your ability to maintain it.

It was silent too—his kind of silence. Not empty, but contained, made, the kind born from the enforced reverence of all who entered his presence. The only sounds dared to exist were the whispers of silk being guided over skin, and the precise, delicate clicks of ornate clasps locking into place.

Your hands, you noticed distantly, were trembling. Not from the normal fear—though that was never entirely absent—but from the tight, bracing anticipation of a moment that could alter everything.

The Arima Kinen.

The Grand Prix. The dream of dreams for so many. For you, it was something else entirely: the edge of a cliff. One misstep—a single mistake in all the training and regimens you'd orchestrated for months—and all your meticulous preparation could plummet into the abyss, taking you with it.

And yet… today felt different.

The air was still, the usual storm in his eyes momentarily dormant.

You stood behind him, a quiet shadow attending a celestial body. Every motion you made belonged to a ritual you had perfected over countless repetitions—dressing him for victory. Your fingers, conditioned by months of fastening and adjusting, worked over the gilded couplings of Orfevre's racing attire. Each clasp was a tiny sculpture, heavy and firm, biting faintly into your fingertips before surrendering into place against the pristine beige fabric.

His back was a living wall of muscle, his arms lifted slightly, the posture of a monarch awaiting ceremonial vestments. The grand,

floor-to-ceiling mirror ahead of you reflected everything: your body, small and focused; and him, a towering figure of fire and gold. His hair—radiant orange, flowing like a captured flame—spilled in a silken cascade past his waist, the tips fading into pale strands that brushed your arms as you worked. The sensation was disorienting: impossibly soft, yet reminding you of the creature's power it crowned.

"Umu…" His voice broke the silence like a drop of ink in clear water. "You're not fumbling as much as usual."

His tone was low, almost lazy, but with that underlying resonance that defined one of such a status. The corners of his mouth didn't lift, but his striking blue eyes in the mirror locked onto you with an unnerving stillness. "Have your hands finally learned to revere that which they are permitted to touch?"

Your eyes stayed fixed on your work—the golden epaulette on his right shoulder—and not on his gaze. You'd learned that even meeting his eyes through a mirror was to risk drawing his full attention, and that attention could be lethal in its precision.

"I've had a significant amount of practice, Orfevre," you murmured, keeping your voice even. You adjusted the fur trim on his left shoulder with painstaking care, ensuring it sat at the exact angle he preferred. "And it seems the new training regimen has been yielding dividends."

A subtle tilt of his head in the reflection—bird-like, curious—sent a small shiver through you. You forced the motion into the periphery of your awareness and kept your hands steady.

"The resistance sprints we incorporated two weeks ago," you continued, speaking almost as though reciting a report to a superior officer, "your stride frequency has increased by eight percent in the final two hundred meters. More importantly, your recovery time has improved—post-run lactate levels down thirty percent in the last mock race. Your stamina is peaking at exactly the right time."

Each number was a lifeline—a tangible proof of your usefulness, a reminder that you were not merely ornamental in his world.

His gaze in the mirror sharpened. You felt it slice into you, weighing, dissecting, considering. But He didn't speak right away, letting the silence stretch thin between you until it hummed in your ears.

"I see…" His lips curved faintly—not in warmth, but in that imperious satisfaction he always wore around like a crown. "The tool finally

sharpens itself. You are becoming less of a burden. Good. A King should not be made to suffer the mediocrity of his instruments."

He turned his head slightly then, not enough to break the pose, but enough that you felt the full weight of his peripheral attention.

"Tell me," he said, voice soft enough that the words forced you to listen intently, "are you pleased with yourself, trainer? Do you believe this diligence earns you the right to stand so close?"

You hesitated, the clasp you were fastening catching slightly beneath your thumb. "…It is my duty to ensure you are ready for today's race. That is all."

His laugh—quiet, but edged—told you all you needed to know. "Modesty, or fear? No matter. Both are suitable traits in one who serves." He lifted his chin, adjusting his shoulders ever so slightly, forcing your hands to move with him. "But remember—this perfection you strive for is not for you. It is for me. Every second, every motion, every breath. You exist to see me crowned."

The clasp clicked into place, and you swallowed the urge to step back.

"Understood," you said.

His reflection's eyes glittered like gems catching light at your response. "You will, as you should."

The words should have stung. Months ago, they would have slid under your skin like a needle, leaving another raw wound to add to the collection he'd so brazenly tried to carve into your ego time and time again. Back then, you might have fought to swallow the shame, your pulse spiking at every syllable.

Now… they were just air.

The cost of doing business with him. A dull, familiar ache spread in your chest, one you'd grown so used to that it felt more like a permanent bruise than a fresh injury. It was easier to just accept it and move on. You gave a short, shallow nod—acknowledgment without resistance—and turned toward the table beside you.

Resting there was the next piece of his outfit: the gloves.

They were masterworks in their own right—rich black leather so supple it reflected the faintest gleam from the overhead lights, lined in

deep crimson silk that hinted at the power they were meant to encase. Around each cuff, intricate gold embroidery shimmered in coiled, royal patterns, threads catching and bending the light.

He lowered one arm from its poised, outstretched position, and without a word extended his hand to you, palm down.

The gesture was as casual as breathing for him, but it carried all the weight of a monarch accepting tribute from a subject. There was nothing tentative in the way he offered it; it was an expectation, the silent assumption that you would receive it.

His hand was enormous compared to yours—long, elegant fingers tapering into perfectly kept nails. The proportions were deceptive; his fingers alone were thicker than two of yours together, the shape sculpted with sinew and muscle. You'd seen those hands curl into fists before. You'd heard the sound of impact—you knew without question that they could crush bone with ease if he willed it.

You drew in a slow breath, steadying yourself, and accepted the offering. His skin was warm, the broad plane of his palm dense. Even at rest, he radiated force.

With carefully guided movements, you began easing the glove over his fingers. The leather was stubborn at first, reluctant to stretch over his knuckles, but you coaxed it into place, letting the rich material mold to his skin. Against the black leather, your pale hands looked fragile, almost insubstantial, the contrast like parchment next to steel.

He flexed his fingers once the glove was on—a slow, deliberate flex that made the seams whisper in protest. Testing. Measuring. Deciding. When he found no flaw, he extended the other hand.

You repeated the process, your world narrowing to the meticulous ritual. The way the glove swallowed his hand. The faint creak of leather as it settled. The smell of his perfume with his large hands so close to your face.

Don't rush. Don't falter. The mantra kept you anchored.

When both gloves were finally in place, you took a step back. The act was as much for perspective as it was for safety. Dizzying relief washed through you, loosening your shoulders just a fraction. This was, by your account, the smoothest preparation you'd had in months.

"For what it's worth," you murmured before you could stop yourself,

the words slipping past your usual filter, “I believe you’re going to dominate today. Your form has never been sharper, even your rhythm. If you keep the pace we drilled for the final turn, no one will be able to touch you.”

Your gaze stayed low, fixed on the intricate diamond constellations lining the back hemline of his suit. Safer to speak to the fabric than to his face.

“Mmm.” His response was a deep hum, resonant with self-assured satisfaction. He turned slightly toward the mirror again, the six golden diamonds across the top of his head catching the light and scattering it like fragments of miniature suns around the room. “Naturally. There was never any possibility of another outcome. A King does not hope for victory; a King claims what is his by right.”

He let the statement linger, his reflection holding his attention as the silence thickened once more. Before finally fully turning your way.

It wasn’t a quick movement. It was slow, controlled from the hips upward, a pivot that shifted the entire room’s center of gravity toward you. The mirror vanished from importance.

Now, he was facing you directly.

Eight feet of living, breathing monument. The scale of him struck you all over again—his shadow enveloping you, the width of his shoulders nearly double yours, his frame tapering into long, commanding legs that seemed to belong to something carved from stone. His chest rose and fell slowly beneath the layers of his ornate uniform, each inhale a subtle flex of the dense musculature beneath.

His sapphire eyes, unfiltered by glass now, pinned you where you stood. They were piercing, the color so intense it felt unnatural—like light refracted through ice.

Your body reacted before your mind could catch up—knees threatening to give, your shoulders wanting to curl inward, instinct begging you to bow, avert your gaze, make yourself smaller.

“Still…” he said at last, his voice soft enough to force you to listen with your whole body. That was always the warning tone. The prelude to a verdict.

His gaze swept down your form, pausing on your hands—still faintly trembling—and then back up to your face. Every millimeter of the

inspection was weighted, as though he were taking inventory of a piece of equipment.

“It is more than adequate.”

The words, though deceptively mild, felt like a royal seal pressed to parchment—a finality that allowed no argument.

He let them sit there between you, like a crown placed on his own head.

He held your gaze for three deliberate heartbeats unhurried—like a judge weighing whether to deliver clemency or sentence. The air between you was taut as a drawn bowstring, your lungs unwilling to move until he did. Then, at last, the faintest shadow of a smirk curved his lips.

“See to it that my faith is not misplaced.”

The words were not loud, but they struck with the weight of an oath. And for just a moment—an impossibly rare sliver of time—the crushing weight that usually sat in your chest seemed to ease. You felt something strange bloom in its place, something dangerously close to optimism. A partnership… or the ghost of one. The thought was foolish, desperate, but it fluttered in your chest all the same: maybe things were stabilizing. Maybe you could finally start to function as a team.

You pushed the thought aside before it could root itself too deeply. You still had a task to finish, a race to prepare for.

Your hands moved to the final piece of his attire: the cape.

Even folded, it was a statement—a grand, sweeping garment of black and deep crimson, heavy enough to carry the weight of a kingdom. As you lifted it, the fabric shifted with a muted, flowing rustle, the opulent sheen swallowing the light in places and throwing it back in others. When you unfurled it, the inner lining caught the room’s illumination like a trap for starlight, revealing a faint and intricate embroidery of golden thread. The pattern wasn’t random—it mimicked a night sky, each glimmering stitch like a distant constellation.

You stepped closer, guiding it over his towering shoulders with care. His body’s sheer size made the gesture feel like trying to drape a statue—your reach barely spanning the breadth of his back. Even

through the layers of his coat, you could feel the solidity beneath, the heat radiating from his frame. His proportions dwarfed yours in every direction; you had to lift your arms higher than was comfortable just to settle the cape's weight evenly across his shoulders.

Your fingers found the jeweled fastenings at the collar. The brooch at the center was a monolith of a gem, catching the light in sharp, refracted splinters, the way an eye might catch light when faced with brilliance. It sat at the base of his throat, which itself was an elegant column of muscle and tendon beneath skin as smooth as porcelain but hiding the raw, crushing force beneath.

Once the clasp was secure, he regarded herself in the mirror again—a king surveying his domain. The image was almost mythic: the golden diamonds of his crown floating above the fiery cascade of his hair, the heavy cape falling in precise folds behind him, the calculated posture that radiated entitlement.

When he was seemingly satisfied with the attire he turned back toward you, a motion so fluid it looked like liquid poured into a new shape. The cape flared out with the movement, an oriental sweep that brushed the air in a high arc. Standing this close meant you had to tilt your chin sharply to meet his gaze—his full height forcing the gesture upon you.

"Umu. You have served well today," he pronounced, his voice rolling through the room with deep, resonant satisfaction. His gloved hand smoothed the velvet at his shoulder, the gesture somehow both regal and proprietary. "A role that only you seem capable of performing. To understand the needs of a King's body… to anticipate the requirements of a true champion…" His gaze shifted slightly, pinning you in place. "Rejoice. Your service has been noted."

You swallowed—loudly enough for the sound to seem amplified in the quiet room—and stepped back, lowering your head in a faint, subservient bow. "I… thank you, Orfevre."

A soft, pleased exhalation escaped him, almost a hum. His posture eased just slightly, his shoulders lowering by an infinitesimal degree. That tiny change alone felt like the release of a clenched fist you hadn't noticed tightening. He preceded it with a deep inhale, perhaps intent on regaling to you what would happen with the race to follow.

But something was wrong, along with that inhale his ears twitched. It was subtle, almost hidden by the waves of hair, but you saw it. That

flicker of animal alertness.

Your heart, which had only just begun to settle into a normal rhythm, stumbled in its pace.

His nostrils flared—once, sharply. His eyes, which only moments ago had reflected the quiet self-satisfaction of a predator resting from a chase, narrowed with surgical focus. The contentment drained from them in a heartbeat, replaced by suspicion.

"…Trainer."

Your name was not in his voice, but the title cracked through the air like a whip, each syllable as sharp as a spur.

The warm flow of relief in your blood turned instantly to ice water. Every muscle in your body locked, your spine stiffening. The fragile peace shattered, its pieces scattering somewhere irretrievable.

"Y–Yes?" The stammer leapt from your throat before you could shape it into something steadier. It came out thin, almost pitiful. No. Not now, not when you were so close. Had you done something wrong?

He inhaled again, slower this time, the expansion of his chest drawn out for staggeringly long seconds. Then, he tilted his head—not a gesture of confusion, but of cold, intense curiosity. It was a movement you'd learned to fear, because it always preceded something worse.

He leaned forward, closing the last of the distance between you until you were nearly absorbed in his presence. His body blocked the light, his presence pressing on you like the air before a storm. From this close, his size was overwhelming: the slope of his shoulders high above you, the reach of his arms more than enough to engulf you.

When he spoke, his voice was slower, thicker, each word meant to have the weight that it clearly possessed.

"There is a scent… on you."

You blinked, desperately trying to piece together some plausible defense while keeping your expression from betraying the panic clawing at your ribs.

"I—I don't… I don't know what you mean, Orfevre. I showered this morning, I—"

“Do not move.”

The command was not shouted, yet it landed with the full weight of an executioner’s decree. The air in the room thickened instantly, and every instinct screamed at you to obey.

But even instinct could fail you. A twitch—just a single backward step, no more than the jump of a startled animal—was enough.

In the space of a heartbeat, he was closer. Much closer. Your back collided with the carved wooden leg of a desk, and the faint tremor of its frame was nothing compared to the earth-shaking certainty of his advance. His hand descended upon you. A blur of black leather and golden embroidery, fingers closing around your wrist in an unyielding vice. The sheer circumference of his grip nearly swallowed your forearm whole, his thumb pressing into the bones like he was measuring the exact point at which they might break.

It wasn’t a gesture of rage. It was possession. As casual and absolute as a monarch claiming tribute.

“I will not repeat myself,” he said, voice low, almost bored, yet somehow more dangerous than a shout could ever be. His lips were close enough that every word carried the warmth of his breath against your ear. “There is a scent. On you.” The tiniest squeeze followed—incremental, yet enough to remind you that this was not a contest of wills you could win. “It is not mine.”

You had barely enough time to gasp before he pulled.

It was not a sharp, jerking motion, but a steady, implacable draw, like the tide pulling a helpless swimmer into the depths. Your feet scraped uselessly over the floor, until your entire body collided with his. The impact was muffled by the unyielding solidity beneath the layers of fabric; his body did not give an inch.

Your face met the warm, immovable wall of his chest, the scent somewhat akin to crushed rose petals flooding your senses. He wrapped one arm low around your waist, and in that effortless gesture, your mobility—your autonomy—ceased to exist. You may as well have been a trinket tucked beneath his arm.

“I gave you an order,” he murmured, his voice now a low growl that seemed to vibrate through his ribcage and into your own bones. “ Did you believe your King dull of sense? Hold still.”

You pressed your palms to his abdomen, attempting to create space. It was like trying to move a mountain—he didn't so much as register the pressure. The sculpted firmness beneath the layers of fabric only reinforced how little chance you had of prying yourself away.

His head lowered down in a slow descent, until the warm spill of his hair draped over your shoulders. You felt the lightest brush of his bangs against your throat before the first inhale came.

It was slow. Deep. Drawn out in a way that left no doubt he was memorizing every particle of you, mapping every trace of what clung to your skin. The warmth of his breath expanded against the base of your neck before he exhaled, the sound almost like a sigh, yet weighted with intent.

A second inhale followed—longer, this time. You felt his chest rise against your face, the immense volume of his lungs dwarfing your own shallow breaths. He wasn't hurried. He wasn't guessing. He was certain he would find what he was looking for.

One second passed. Then another. And another. The steady rhythm of his breathing became an unbearable clock, marking your helplessness with each cycle. You could hear the faint rush of air, feel the expansion of his ribs against you. Your heartbeat was frantic, drumming a desperate rhythm against him, utterly drowned out by the patience of his search.

"Ah…"

The sound was soft, but in the suffocating stillness, it was deafening. The timbre of discovery in that single syllable made your stomach drop.

His grip on your wrist tightened—what felt like a punishing snap, was a cold, calculated claim, as if to relay to you what would happen if you failed to answer.

Lifting his head, he stared down at you. He didn't need to raise his voice; his eyes, bright and cutting, carried the full force of the accusation.

"Treason," he hissed, his voice sharp and curt. "It is faint… but I know it. The scent of some low-born mare. Of a commoner who presumes to stand beside me on the track."

His tone slid lower, every word thick with possessive venom.

“Your role,” he said slowly, each syllable malignant, “was it to curry favor with commoners? To carry the filth of others into my presence?”

The question was a blade, but the casual, inescapable way he still held you—the effortless control, the suffocating proximity—was the hand that pressed it to your throat.

“N-no, I… I was just—”

Your thoughts scattered like startled birds, panic forcing you into a stammer. A memory slammed to the forefront. Earlier that morning, in the stifling bustle of the staff wing, you had brushed past Rice Shower’s trainer. It was nothing—barely a fleeting contact in the cramped hallway outside the cafeteria. Later, the two of you had stood shoulder-to-shoulder for less than two minutes while he pointed to a race monitor, a casual, work exchange about cornering strategies in recent G1 races. Just part of your job. Harmless. Forgettable.

But his senses… his nose could pick apart scents like a jeweler examining the flaws in a gem. And now that skill—honed to a razor’s edge—was turned on you.

“No—Orfevre, please, it’s not what you think,” you blurted, the words spilling out in a desperate rush. “I was just talking to another trainer in the hallway. We were… coordinating track times for next week. The scent of his racer must have just—just brushed off on me. It wasn’t anything important. I swear it.”

“Silence.”

The word wasn’t shouted—it was hissed, each consonant snapping into place with almost lethal disdain. His grip on your wrist didn’t tighten; instead, he simply let his authority seep into the air between you.

“Your excuses,” he continued, his tone low but burning hotter with every syllable, “are as meaningless as the scum you consort with. Do you think the petty scurrying of lesser creatures matters to me? The only thing of importance is that you—my possession—have been marked. You have allowed another’s claim to stain what belongs to me.”

You swallowed hard, the muscles in your throat working against the knot of panic closing it off. “I… I was just doing my job,” you said weakly, your voice already trembling under his stare. “Comparing tactics for your race. I didn’t even—”

“You dare,” he cut in, the interruption like a dagger sliding between your ribs. His voice dropped further, rumbling low from deep in his chest, guided through his hand that still encased your wrist like a manacle. “You dare stand close enough for their stench to cling to you? Close enough to parade it around for anyone to see? Like some stray cur, dragging refuse into my hall?”

“It wasn’t like that!” The desperation cracked your voice in two. Panic made you reckless, made you try—foolishly—to wrench your wrist free with a sharp pull. He didn’t so much as budge.

“Orfevre, this is a distraction!” you blurted. “Listen to yourself! The Arima Kinen is about to start! The call will be any minute now! We don’t have time for this… this pointless nonsense—!”

His eyes widened at that statement. That controlled demeanor that was there before simply melted. The blue of his irises seemed to expand, swallowing the light, until they fixed on you with an aggravated stillness. You felt the exact moment you’d stepped into a minefield. The air itself seemed to shrink around you.

“Nonsense?” he whispered.

Your lungs seized. Your heart stalled.

He took a single step forward holding you in his grip, and you were forced backward, your spine meeting the sharp edge of the desk. His cape, heavy and cool where it brushed your waist.

“I—I didn’t say that,” you choked out. The words stumbled from your lips, clumsy, desperate. But it didn’t matter. The dam had broken. You were no longer speaking to a person; you were shouting into the heart of a storm that had decided you were its target.

“And now you struggle,” he murmured, the words clearly agitated. “You insult your King. And then, as if that were not enough, you dare to present before me the gall—the insolence—to tell me my verdict… is nonsense?”

The injustice of it—the sheer absurdity—sent a small, dangerous spark of defiance flaring in your chest. “I’m not your—!”

You never finished.

With a lightning quick movement that defied his size, he twisted your wrist downward. The delicate bones of your forearm were forced into

an unnatural angle, the joint straining until the pain was a white-hot bolt that lit every nerve from your fingertips to your shoulder. Your knees buckled, the strength gone from them in an instant, but he didn't let you fall. His grip on you was a torrent that held you upright, like a specimen pinned in place for examination.

"Stop!" you gasped, your voice torn ragged by pain. "Orfevre—! Please—!"

"You do not command me," he said, tone flat. His other hand rose, the motion unhurried, and came to rest on the back of your captured hand. Gloved fingers spread across your knuckles with an almost tender drawl. Then he began to press down. Slowly. As if testing the resilience of the bone beneath the flesh, as though your pain was a curiosity to be measured rather than a plea to be answered.

You thrashed in his hold, panic rising like icy water up your spine. "The race—!" you cried out, grasping at your last lifeline. "The Arima Kinen! You'll be late! They'll disqualify you—!"

His head tilted slightly, a movement that made his hair shift and spill over one shoulder like molten copper. The fire in his eyes didn't flicker. The grip on your fingers did not relent.

"And yet," he whispered, "you still stood close enough to another to reek of them. You still let their filth touch my property. If there is a consequence for my absence on that track, know this…" His fingers tightened. "It will be your absence from it that I will savor first."

CRACK.

The sound was awful, a jagged, wet crunch that seemed to echo inside your skull. Pain exploded from your hand like a nova, an agony so sharp it was almost blinding. You felt the clean give of a finger's bone breaking beneath the pressure, the sensation crawling up through your arm into your very teeth.

Your scream tore out of you without thought, but it barely made it into the air before he cut it off. His free hand shot up, clamping over your mouth and jaw with brutal force. His fingers dug into your cheeks, forcing your teeth together until you thought they'd crack next. Your head snapped back from the sheer violence of the grip, your upper back colliding hard with the edge of his dressing table.

The impact sent a scatter of silver-backed brushes, ornate pins, and velvet-lined boxes tumbling to the floor in a chaotic rattle, but you

barely noticed—every heartbeat throbbed with the blinding pain radiating from your ruined finger.

Tears streamed hot and useless down your cheeks. Your body tried to curl in on itself, but he kept you pinned there, immobilized, your face forced upward to meet his. His looming shadow swallowed your vision, his gaze fixed on you with a chilling authority.

“Enough,” he snarled. His lips brushed the shell of your ear, the softness at odds with the steel in his voice. “You will not shame me with your pathetic shrieking. A King’s property does not wail like some ignoble cur.”

His hand shifted slightly, tightening the muzzle he’d made of his palm, forcing your head to tilt even further back. His other hand—still wrapped around your injured wrist—gave the faintest of warning tugs. The implication was clear, terrifyingly so. He could take more. Break more. And he would, if he decided you didn't understand your place.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Orfevre beats the fuck out of them

Chapter Notes

I want big daddy orf to do this to me sigh

You scream continued to wail mute, the weight of his body was immovable—pressing you down into the wreckage of the dressing table. His knee slid upward, pushing harder, wedging between your legs until it locked against your thigh, pinning you in place.

His other leg hooked behind yours, twisting your lower body in a way that made movement not only impossible but humiliatingly useless. He had caged you, not only with his limbs but with his will.

His hand still imprisoned your ruined wrist, leather biting into your skin, the cruel arch of his fingers digging into the shattered joint with cruelty. Every pulse of your heart sent another jolt of pain up your arm. But worse than the pain was his proximity—so close you could feel the domineering pressure from his chest against your ribs, so close his breath rolled across your face in waves.

“You forget, mongrel,” he hissed, the word sliding from his tongue like venom. It wasn’t loud—if anything, it was quieter than normal. “You forget that every moment you draw breath in my presence is not your right—it is my allowance. You forget that your body, your work, your very name are not yours—they are mine. I could take them back before your next heartbeat.”

His body shifted forward more, forcing your spine flat against the surface. The impact sent a sharp bite of pain lancing through your back.

“You were chosen,” he continued, his voice tightening with contempt as he bore down harder. “Chosen from a field of worthless, braying animals. For what? For the quickness of your mind? The steadiness of your hand? Your wit?”, his mouth tensed. “No. You were chosen because I thought you could follow orders. Because I thought you understood what it meant to serve a King.”

His face descended until his hair curtained around the two of you, shutting out the rest of the world. “And yet,” he murmured, his words now even slower, “you stand before your King with your voice raised, your tongue barbed, your loyalty stained.” His gaze traveled over you, lingering with disgust. “You reek of another’s touch. I can smell it on you. I can taste it in the air between us. It is revolting. You, are revolting.”

His thumb pressed into the unnatural angle of your broken knuckle, and the pain flared so brightly your vision whited out. You tried to twist away, but his grip on your jaw only tightened, forcing your head still. The sound that escaped you was a muffled, pitiful whimper, crushed in his palm.

He tilted his head, studying you as though you were an object under glass. “But perhaps you’ve forgotten what exactly your worth truly is,” he said.

His hand slid from your jaw to your throat—not choking, but holding—his thumb resting over your pulse. “I could break the rest of your fingers,” he said conversationally. “Or your arm. You would heal, eventually. Bowing requires no dexterity. Nor does kneeling.” He let the word hang, staring you straight in the face.

You could only meet his eyes, trembling, trapped, your chest tight with terror.

“Do not mistake my restraint for mercy,” he went on, leaning closer until his lips brushed your ear. “I do not berate you for my pleasure. I do not wound you in rage. I am above such base instincts.” His tone became more detached as he continued. “This is discipline. This is correction. And it will happen every time you forget.”

His weight shifted again—a harder, pointed grind of his knee in between your legs—and the pressure on your wrist spiked. You felt something in your forearm protest sharply, a creak of bone under strain.

“Shall we test the next joint?” he asked, clearly moments away from making the decision for you. “Or will you beg? I imagine it would suit you… a mongrel, whimpering for their King’s forgiveness.”

Your throat strained to form words, a desperate, useless engine sputtering beneath the crushing weight of his gloved hand. What escaped instead were broken, choking gasps—guttural noises that belonged to an animal in pain, not a person. The agony in your hand

was awful, snarling with every throb, radiating up your arm in sickening, pulsing twists.

Your legs jerked feebly, a trapped creature's reflex, your heel striking a nearby chair with a dull, hollow thunk. The sheer, immovable weight of his body atop you rendered every motion meaningless. You weren't going anywhere.

But even with that threat above your neck, still, you writhed.

Instinct drowned out reason. You twisted your head from side to side, frantic and useless, trying to break the steel vise of her fingers. Your lips quivered, trying to form a plea, an apology, anything—but his grip only tightened, pressing into the soft flesh of your neck until you felt your throat threatening to collapse in on itself.

Orfevre's brow arched a fraction, irritation flickering in his gaze further. He looked down at you, his eyes half-lidded—not in boredom, but with a slow-burning disgust that made your stomach knot.

"Even now," he murmured, his voice smooth as it was contemptuous, "you writhe and stammer like some pitiful stray caught in a snare. Is there nothing left of the dignity I once allowed you?"

You shook your head violently, the motion jerky under his hold. Your lips shaped soundless words, useless against the leather of his glove—please, stop, listen—but he didn't loosen his hold. He had no interest in explanations. No appetite for excuses.

With a sudden, violent flick, his hand left your neck, the skin beneath throbbing where he had gripped it. For a heartbeat, a sliver of hope cracked through your panic—a foolish, fragile belief that he might be done.

That hope died the instant his fingers clamped over two more of your own.

Before your mind could even comprehend the new threat, before you could yank them away, he pressed down and followed all the way though to the table.

CRACK.

The sound was deeper this time, followed by the nauseating grind of bone. Further pain erupting until it literally could not hurt more, a white-hot javelin that pierced straight through your chest and stole

your breath.

Your scream ripped through the air, raw and unrestrained, the kind of sound that didn't sound human at all. It echoed off the gilded walls of the dressing room like a shriek from some faraway battlefield.

"Silence."

The word wasn't shouted—it was carved, a shard of ice rammed into your voice.

The scream choked off in your throat, replaced by a ragged, gasping sob. Your lungs convulsed, desperate for air, a wet cough tearing free as your body tried to recover from the shock. The world above you swam in and out of focus, the ceiling warping as though seen through water. Both hands now hung useless and trembling, your shattered fingers twitching in pitiful, spasmodic jerks.

And through the dizzying wave of pain, the single truth became inescapable:

You could not stop him.

You could not overpower him.

You could not escape him.

You were at his mercy—and he was proving repeatedly there would be none for you.

Orfevre lingered over you, silent for a long, drawn out moment, his breathing steady and regal. His posture hadn't shifted, yet his expression had—no longer overtly furious, but something far more chilling. A cold, disappointed judgment.

"Look at you," he breathed at last, his words meant to wound. "Shaking. Sniveling. Groveling with your eyes as if you were some begging for the scraps of what I have left. This… this is what I'm left with? My property, reduced to this wreck?"

He leaned closer, his lips brushing your ear.

"You were meant to be my property. My pride. And instead, you stand

before me—no, you cower—as a walking insult. Tell me… was your little act of betrayal worth the price you are now paying?"

Your throat convulsed again, trying in vain to produce words—coherent ones, anything that might dissuade him—but what came out was nothing more than a strangled rasp. The sound disgusted even you; pitiful, weak, the noise of something already defeated.

Orfevre tilted his head as though examining a broken sculpture, he did not blink. His eyes—those merciless, glacial jewels—seemed to strip every layer of you bare, until you felt as though he were staring straight into the marrow of your bones.

"Do you feel that?" He asked suddenly, his voice low, the words dripping into your ear. "That snapping inside you. That helpless twitch in your limbs. That is the sound of your worth crumbling."

His hand, still crushing your fingers in his grip, pulsed down with the smallest increment of pressure—not enough to break again, not yet, but enough to make your breath hitch in anticipation of another punishment.

"I had thought," he continued, his tone swelling with the righteous cadence of a king addressing his court, "that when I chose to allow you in my presence, I was shaping something valuable. That I might mold the crude stone of you into something worthy to guide my way to the throne. But no. I see now I was far too generous."

He shifted his body slightly, pushing his knee harder to punish you, pinning you even harder. The cold edge of the marble bit deeper into your spine.

"You were nothing when I found you," he went on, his voice climbing just enough to give the words an edge, "and now you are less than nothing. A liability. An embarrassment. Do you know what that means in my world?"

"It means you are a stain I must scrub out," he said evenly. "It means I have to consider whether your continued existence in my presence serves any purpose beyond setting an example for others." His fingers flexed around your broken ones again, and you whimpered despite yourself. The sound made his lips curl in distaste.

"Is this the trainer I chose?" he mused aloud, his voice dripping with disdain. "This pitiful, trembling wretch, shrieking and breaking down in the sanctity of the King's dressing room? Such weakness… such

utter failure."

Both hands slipped away from your wrists, lifting to firmly close around your throat. Slowly and methodically, like the tightening of a noose designed to choke the very life from you, the pressure built agonizingly, unbearably, until your lungs cried out in desperate protest. His thumbs pressed down mercilessly on your windpipe, crushing the fragile passage of air.

You choked, a strangled gurgle tearing from your throat, raw panic swarming in your chest like a wildfire. The world dimmed rapidly as black spots blotted your vision, encroaching like the closing iris of a predator's gaze.

Your hands—full of useless, broken appendages—scrabbled at his arms in frantic, clumsy gestures, helpless against his unrelenting grasp. He watched with cold, unfeeling eyes, utterly indifferent to your suffocation. No flicker of pity or hesitation marred his expression.

Then, just as darkness threatened to swallow you whole, he released.

You crumpled, crashing off the dressing table in a graceless heap. Jewelry boxes over, ornate brushes spilled and scattered in a glittering chaos around you—broken as you were. Gasping, you sucked in ragged breaths, each one sharp and searing through your lungs. Coughing violently, your body convulsed with pain and shock, desperate to draw life back into yourself.

But before you could find a foothold in the world again, his elegantly heeled shoe slammed down hard into your ribs.

A sudden, explosive pain bloomed, white-hot and cruel, forcing a scream from you as your body curled instinctively into a fetal ball.

"You are an extension of my will," he declared, his voice ringing with cold, unyielding authority from the towering heights above. Another merciless kick drove into your stomach, knocking the breath from your lungs anew.

"When you are flawed, I am flawed. When you are stained, I am stained. This…"—his tone sharpened to an edge—"cannot, and will not, be tolerated, ever again."

He pressed the toe of his shoe into your shoulder, nudging you roughly until you rolled onto your back.

Lying there broken and exposed, you stared up, utterly dwarfed by his magnificent size. His silhouette blazed with an almost celestial grandeur.

“You brought the filth of the common world into my sanctum,” he hissed, venom dripping from every syllable. “On your clothes. On your skin. You forced me to perform this… ugly correction. This violence is your creation, not mine.”

His next kick slammed into your thigh with sharp precision, causing your leg to jerk backwards.

“A King must be pure. Every servant, every tool, every shadow that surrounds him—must be pure.”

Slowly, with grace that belied his size, he knelt beside you, lowering he face close enough that you could smell his cologne again.

His hand rose, a single gloved finger traced a slow, deliberate line along your jaw, tender in a way that was no kindness at all.

“But I swear to you that I will burn this weakness from you,” he whispered, voice low, solemn. “I will break you down… and remake you until nothing remains but perfect loyalty remains.”

His eyes bore into yours, unflinching.

“You will learn—your body, your breath, your very thoughts—belong to me. And you will never, ever carry the scent of another into my presence again.”

“You will learn,” he whispered. His hand pulled back slowly from your face, withdrawing the last physical tether between you.

But then, as he drew back a set distance from your body it clenched into a fist—slowly—like a predator savoring the final moments before the kill.

There was no grand wind-up, no dramatic telegraphing of intent. Still kneeling over you with he drew his arm back a mere few inches, then drove it forward with what seemed like intent to kill.

The punch struck you square in the solar plexus.

It wasn’t just pain—it was annihilation. A deep, concussive force slammed into your core, feeling as if it shattered your stomach and

exploded through your spine. All the precious air you had just managed to draw into your lungs was expelled in a harsh, choked gasp, ragged and wheezing.

Your entire body seized up, every muscle locking into a silent, screaming cramp that threatened to shatter your broken form. For a long, frozen second, the pain in your wrists and ribs vanished beneath that central, crushing impact.

Then your stomach rebelled.

A violent, uncontrollable spasm roiled deep inside you—a searing, acidic wave rising fast. You gagged, your body curling in reflex, desperate to retreat inward despite your helpless, supine position.

The second convulsion hit harder. With a wretched, guttural heave, you vomited—a half-digested, bile-thick slurry spilling from your lips onto the pristine white marble floor and yourself. The acidic stench instantly filled the room, a vile contrast to the opulent perfumes swirling in the air.

Humiliation stabbed sharp and hot through the haze of agony. You were broken. Beaten. Reduced to a filthy animal soiling yourself and sanctity of his room with the remnants of your own sickness.

Your stomach heaved again, a weak, pathetic gush that burned your throat as it came up.

Orfevre recoiled slightly in disdain. His body leaned back carefully, stepping away from something vile yet inevitable. His face twisted into a mask of profound disgust, blue eyes narrowing into slits of pure revulsion.

He didn't see the involuntary physiological reaction you barely controlled.

No. He saw a willful defilement—a personal insult scrawled across his domain in bile and shame.

"Look at what you have done," he breathed, his voice dropping so low it was nearly inaudible. His gaze locked onto the spreading puddle of vomit, as if it were the vilest sacrilege he'd ever witnessed.

"You… foul… creature."

Before you could even form a breathless excuse, before any apology or

plea could claw its way out, his hand shot forward again—seizing you.

His fingers tangled mercilessly in a thick handful of your hair, twisting with a sharp, unyielding force that made the roots scream.

With a brutal tug, he yanked your head and shoulders up off the floor, forcing your face toward his.

Pain flared in an unbearable fire along your scalp, your eyes watering anew as your neck strained at an awful, unnatural angle.

A ragged dribble of vomit and saliva escaped the corner of your mouth, running down your chin in humiliating defeat.

“Is this all you are?” He hissed, voice a deadly blend of fury and revulsion, so close your breath mingled.

His grip tightened further, pulling harder on your hair, forcing your eyes wider with fresh, stinging pain.

“A beast,” he spat, “that consumes and then expels its filth with no shame or dignity. You cannot even contain your own insides.”

His hand shook your head with a small, cruel jerk, the motion sending fresh nausea rolling through your body, your mind swimming in agony.

“First,” he continued, an angered tirade, “you drag the stench of commoners into my sacred space—desecrating it with their mark.”

“And then,” he added with finality, “when I try to cleanse you of that stain, you cover my floor with your own sickness.”

His beautiful face was a frozen statue of judgment, calm and terrible.

No screams. No frenzy.

Just the steady, unforgiving drone of condemnation as he held you—helpless—by your hair, suspended above the ruin of your own disgrace.

The magnificent, untouchable King—and beneath him, the filthy, quivering subject.

“An animal,” he murmured, his eyes burning icy into yours. He released your hair abruptly, letting your battered form collapse back onto the floor.

Without another word, without so much as a glance of pity, Orfevre rose to his full height. His cape swept the floor, his heels clicking a slow, measured pace that echoed like a death knell in the heavy silence.

He paused at the door, glancing back once—his eyes flaring with disdain. “Clean up this mess,” he ordered, voice indifferent, hardly even giving you the presence of mind. “And make yourself presentable upon my return. We are not finished. Far from it.”

Then, with a dismissive flick of his wrist, he swept from the room, leaving you broken and whimpering on the floor.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

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